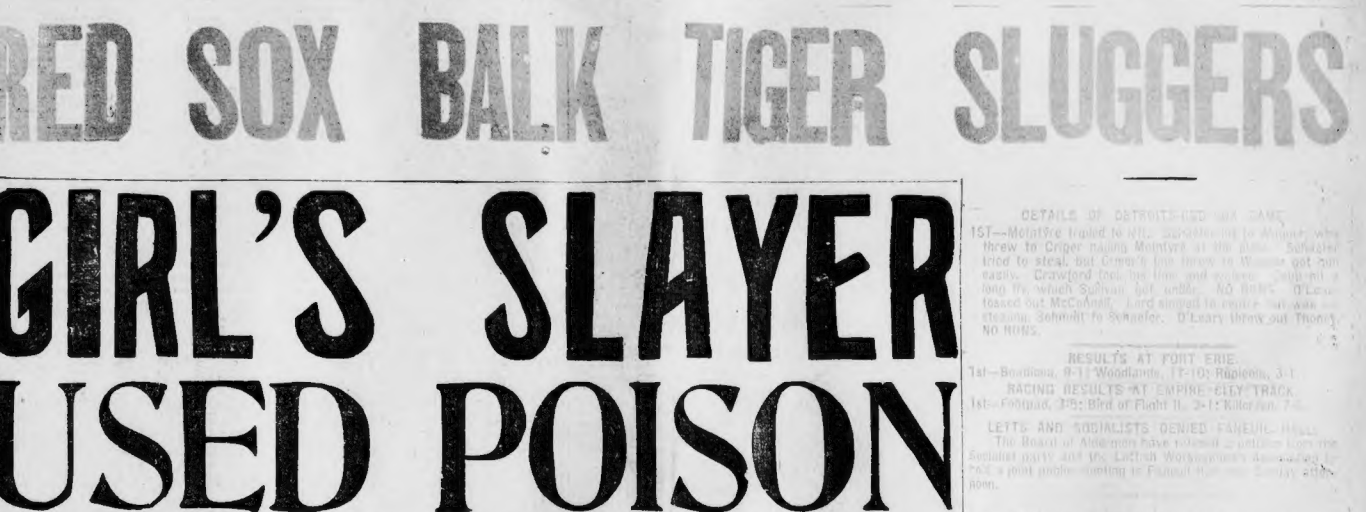




BALL LIGHTS THUNDER CLOUDS: TRIP AFARE

Special Cable News. American.
BERLIN, Aug. 17.—The military situation in Poland was today. The first was completely successful. The second flight in which the temperature caused the gas to contract and the balloons rapidly descend to sea level.
The aerostats then descended upon the Russian army. The first was completely successful. The second flight in which the temperature caused the gas to contract and the balloons rapidly descend to sea level.
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LAWSON GIVE FULL POWER

WILMINGTON, Del. Aug. 17.—At the special meeting of the by-laws class company stockholders to day, \$135,012 shares were represented on it outstanding 3,700,000 shares.
In the absence of President Lawson, Senator Allen presided. Mr. Allen was represented by his private secretary, Mr. J. H. Byrd.
By a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, Mr. J. H. Byrd was authorized to sell for any amount of the capital stock of the company for any purpose.

STEAMER EXPLODES, ONE WOMAN KILLED

TRAVELERS CITY, Mich., Aug. 17.—The boiler of the steamer *Leola* exploded on today while on a voyage from Toledo to Toledo. The explosion killed one woman and injured several others. The ship was damaged and is being towed to Toledo.

PAUPER SAID TO BE COUSIN OF GRANT

CINCINNATI, Aug. 18.—James Grant, aged seventy-seven, said to be a cousin of General U. S. Grant, was today in the city. He is a pauper and is being cared for by the city.

RED SOX GO TO PITTSBURGH

BOSTON, Aug. 17.—The Boston Red Sox went to Pittsburgh today for a game. The Sox won the game 4-2. The Sox are now in first place in the American League.

DOVES' FINAL BATTLE PORTESQUE

BOSTON, Aug. 17.—The Boston Doves went to Pittsburgh today for a game. The Doves won the game 3-1. The Doves are now in second place in the American League.

BRIDGEWATER, Aug. 17.

The large leatherboard manufacturer belonging to George W. Foster of Weymouth, Mass., was today in the city. He is a pauper and is being cared for by the city.

CEMETERY BOARD TO ACT IN MORTON CASE

BOSTON, Aug. 17.—The Cemetery Board will today act in the Morton case. The board will decide whether or not to grant a license to Morton.

Police Now Believe Faith Davis Was Drugged Before Being Thrown Into Pond, Where Her Body Was Found.

SPECIAL TO THE BOSTON AMERICAN.
Palmer, Aug. 17.—Faith Davis, the pretty sixteen-year-old girl whose body was found in an artificial pond a mile from her home, was poisoned and her body thrown into the pond to conceal the crime, according to the weight of the evidence now in the hands of the police.
Acting upon this theory, Medical Examiner J. P. Schneider today sent the vital organs of the girl to an expert chemist for analysis.

At the same time the authorities called upon the State police to help solve the startling mystery of the young girl's death.
The Medical Examiner, who has maintained the greatest secrecy concerning the autopsy, which is not yet completed, hurried to Springfield this afternoon in order to confer with District Attorney Stephen S. Taft, with whom he had not yet been able to communicate.

Altogether the evidence developed this afternoon, added to what has accumulated continuously since the girl's body was discovered yesterday, establishes one of the strongest cases of poisoning which the police of Massachusetts towns have had to solve in months.

Left Note for Sister.
Faith Davis, one of the prettiest and most popular girls of the town of Milton, a member of one of the best known families there, was found dead in an artificial pond a mile from her home, according to the police.

The question, which remains the most important since the girl's body was discovered, is whether or not the girl was drugged before being thrown into the pond. The police believe that she was.

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DETROIT NEWS

1st—Motive found in M.L. ...
The motive for the crime was found in the hands of the police. The motive was found in the hands of the police.

RESULTS AT FORT ERIE

1st—Bodine, 9-11 Woodams, 17-10 ...
The results of the race were as follows: Bodine, 9-11; Woodams, 17-10; ...

LETTERS AND SOCIALISTS DENY FAVORABLE REPORT

The Board of Agents have received a report from the Socialists that they are planning to ...

DETROIT NEWS

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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE THE BOSTON AMERICAN

BOSTON AMERICAN

BOSTON
AUGUST 17, 1908

80 AND 82 SUMMIT ST., BOSTON, AUGUST 17, 1908.

Just Bugs!

By T. E. POWERS

Ten Greatest Things in Europe— According to Warfield

He Presents a Good List. Too Bad
That All Americans Cannot See
What He Saw

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Mr. Warfield, the actor, earnest, intelligent and highly successful, has been traveling about Europe. He comes back talking of things other than the cafes in Paris or the chaste gown that he did not see, or the difference between French policemen and ours.

Warfield has made a list of the ten greatest things in Europe, according to his view, and here is the list, as a newspaper presents it:

St. Peter's—Rome.

The Sistine Chapel—Rome.

The Archangel, by Guido Reni, in a little Italian church in Rome.

The statue of Moses in the Vatican (sic), by Michael Angelo.

Sainte Chappelle—Paris.

Notre Dame—Paris.

Milan Cathedral.

The Ephesus—Florence.

Raphael's Madonnas—Dresden.

Petit Palace—Florence.

Warfield, an artist, has admiration only for the great features of the world of art. He selects them well, but he should not have left that noble LIVING man, the Venus of Milo, out of his collection. She is as great as any creation of the artistic genius of man. As Michael Angelo's Moses is the finest man, the greatest "superman" ever created by human genius, so the Venus of Milo is the greatest woman ever created, as far above the real woman of to-day as that real woman is above a June bug.

This list of Warfield's emphasizes interestingly the genius of one man, Michael Angelo, who overshadows all modern and semi-modern artistic genius, as his great church of St. Peter's overshadows all the other churches of Rome.

In the Warfield list there are three things mentioned, not one of which could be possibly left out of any list, AND THOSE THREE THINGS ARE THE CREATIONS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

The greatest church in the world is his—St. Peter's at Rome—his work as an ARCHITECT.

The most marvelous paintings, the most wonderful frescoes, are in the Sistine Chapel—the work of Michael Angelo as a PAINTER.

And the greatest statue, with one possible exception, that we know of is again the work of Michael Angelo, the SCULPTOR, who cut out of the marble and presented living for all time the great genius of the Jewish nation.

Mr. Warfield is misquoted or a little mixed in his locality, however, as regards Michael Angelo's Moses, for that dignified gentleman is not in the Vatican, but in a small and distant church—the Church of St. Peter in Chains—not far from the dungeon where St. Peter was imprisoned in Rome, not far from the sacred stairs where penitent men and women at this hour are climbing up patiently on their knees, saying a prayer at each step, and each step and prayer shortening the length of their future stay in purgatory by a definite length of time.

Warfield has mentioned the ten greatest ARTISTIC creations in Europe, perhaps, but, fortunately for the world, there are things in Europe more beautiful, more important than even the greatest work of the greatest artistic genius.

The existence of such a man as Jaures, in the Parliament of France, fighting for the best, meeting modern conditions with modern thought, is magnificent and inspiring.

The growth of human decency throughout Europe, as expressed in the old pensions of England and Germany, brings hope to those that believe firmly in the ultimate regeneration of the human race, THROUGH ITS OWN INTELLIGENCE AND IMPROVING CHARACTER AND PURPOSES.

The public schools in France, where the hungry children are fed, receiving food for the brain and the body at the same time, are far more glorious than Raphael's beautiful Madonna at Dresden. The beauty in that great picture is in the faces of the children looking upward. The public schools of France (feeding their children are trying to give to the faces of poor children the expression of the faces of Raphael's children, trying to make the hungry children change and look happy, as the Founder of Christianity would have had them look.

Too bad that all the millions of Americans cannot travel and see the things that Warfield saw, the wonders of the present and the great achievements in the past.

Strange questions come to this office. The strangest recent one came yesterday. The young woman who sends in the question begins with some useful criticism, saying: "Of late all of your editorial stuff sounds tired and trembly, like the last spliced threads of thought, and it does make me tired, too."

We can only reply to the heartily frank young woman that when she grows very old SHE may be tired and trembly, too; then she will be sorry for her cruel words.

This is her queer question, and with it, "propose de botter," as Bryan would say, she concludes her letter:

"Could you do THIS? Christina Rossetti one day picked up a fat 'thousand-legs' which she was too kind-hearted to kill, and started to toss it into the garden. But, before she reached the window of her drawing-room, she found that she held in her

hand seven 'thousand-legs'—six born in transit. The little Rossetti threw mother and baby-bugs under the green hedge, saying to them: 'Grow, and then grow. Grow for the glory of God.' She was a good, steady liver—don't you think?"

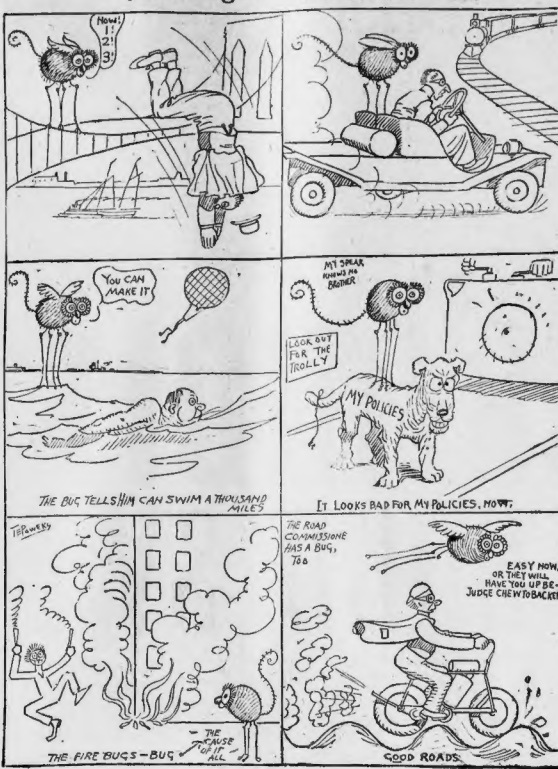
No, young lady, we could not do THAT, because, in the first place, your "thousand legs," or myriapod, is not "fat." Unlike some young and old ladies, the female myriapod lives according to nature's laws and does not LET herself get fat.

In the second place, she has not a THOUSAND legs. She has a good many legs, but not a thousand.

Then, we do not believe that the myriapod is a viviparous beast. And she is NOT a "bug." Only the hemiptera are properly called bugs. Study that word, and then don't use it. The beetle of the thin and footy myriapod are baby arthropods, not "baby bugs," and baby bugs you should not call them.

As for Christina Rossetti, if she looked anything like the usual long-necked pictures of her that we see, our sympathy and admiration go with the mother thousand-legs and not with Christina. Christina, as shown by Burne-Jones, would, we should say, give any mother myriapod the creeps, and how that little mother could have gone straight ahead with her maternal duties (if, indeed, she did that) while held by so creepy a thing as Christina Rossetti, we cannot understand.

Safely under the hedge, that myriapod mother surely said to her baby arthropods: "Children, you have escaped the grasp of the biggest, queerest, creepiest amblycorypha rochfordiella it has ever been my pleasure to see, and I have seen many since your poor father died."



The Lesson of the West

Too Many in the East Are Wholly Ignorant of Its Progress, and Lack the Cordiality of Its People.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Copyright, 1908, by American Journal-Standard

TRAVELING for two or three months through the great West teaches one accustomed to New York and New England many things.

I have visited New Orleans, Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Diego, San Francisco, Portland (Ore.), Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City and St. Louis.

In the South, perhaps a little more varied than elsewhere, are to be found the warmth and cordiality of the people which are features of the entire great West, and which are entirely lacking in the manner of Eastern people toward strangers.

Human beings are greatly the result of climate when we come to manners and morals, and the climate of the South is reflected in the manner of the people one meets there in society or in business.

Never in a Hurry
In New Orleans, I heard an Eastern man say, "the business man make you feel that you have conceded a favor upon them by calling in the interest of your own affairs. In New York and New England they do not."

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Groucho the Monk Buys an Antique

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Oh Say, What's the Use!

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The One Thousand Legs That Became Seven Thousand

Heroism of Christina Rossetti, and a
Queer Question

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We can only reply to the heartily frank young woman that when she grows very old SHE may be tired and trembly, too; then she will be sorry for her cruel words.

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No, young lady, we could not do THAT, because, in the first place, your "thousand legs," or myriapod, is not "fat." Unlike some young and old ladies, the female myriapod lives according to nature's laws and does not LET herself get fat.

In the second place, she has not a THOUSAND legs. She has a good many legs, but not a thousand.

Then, we do not believe that the myriapod is a viviparous beast. And she is NOT a "bug." Only the hemiptera are properly called bugs. Study that word, and then don't use it. The beetle of the thin and footy myriapod are baby arthropods, not "baby bugs," and baby bugs you should not call them.

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